"BULLDOG" By SHANF. BULLOCK

[Copyright, 1901, by Shan F. Bullock.] We were seated one evening round the tidy farm well stocked, money in the bank, hearth in Emo kitchen, discussing the war. an' a car to drive; where can't ye find a It was a wild, wet night; but we were com- woman that'd jump at that? She'll be lucky fortable there, our feet to the blaze, and that gets him, said we; then, havin' nothin' our shadows big in the lamplight. Also we better to do of an evenin', chose Bulldog's were very noisy, and what Thady Sheeran | wife as we sat by the fire, "It'll be Rose used to call disputatious; each man a born | Harper," said one. "It'll be Anne Farrell," general, seated proudly on his own stool, said another. "The woman's Mary Hicks," hot in defense of his own plan of campaign. | said a third, "as sure as daylight." An' we There was the Master, big in his high- were all wrong. Tom outwitted us. 'Twasn't backed chair, who would have his army all Mary, or Anne, or Rose; 'twasn't any one tellin' me her name." mounted, each man carrying his bag of oat- we'd thought of at all, but just the one meal, always ready and watchful, fighting | that only Tom 'd think of. "Be danged to the enemy with his own weapons. There | ye all," he said to himself; "an' I'm much | an it's proud I am to ha' met ye both this | say." was Hal, impetuous as a Rupert, who obliged to ye. But I'll pick me own wom- day." would hurl his hundred thousand men like an," says Tom, like the obstinate divil he an avalanche through the kopjes. There was, "an' I'll pick her the way that's agreewas Henry Marvin, dry, cynical, who be- able to me." An' he kept his word. lieved in night attacks when the moon was | It's the fashion wi' men when marryin' | Mr. Martin." hid, "and the Boers that sleepy they takes them to kiss the Biarney stone an' couldn't see you." There was James the go out coortin'. The women like it, the Rambler (so-called because the gravest neighbors expect it; sure it's pleasant any-

Surely that intrepid man, who never was Bulldog Martin it never went like that, beaten, who fell only to rise again, this Ah, not at all! Is it Bulldog? Tut, tut! Saxon for whom the Irish died willingly, Once the notion had tight grip of him, ish; just blew a whiff of tobacco smoke on myself, the stranger) rambled quick into his story of the exploits of Bulldog.

Here (set down with all faithfulness) is

His plain name was Tom; but we called him Bulldog because of the grip he had. He was the obstinatest man I ever knew. for life; let him put down his foot an' 'twas as if he'd buried it to the knee; set him straight for a thing an he'd go to it through stone walls. Divil a monkey ever ancestered Bulldog, but a mountain mule. He was a middle-sized man, of the shape

wall, his tongue too big for his mouth, so that he talked as if a plum was in it, curls as your hand. "Did ye sit up all last night shavin', Tom?" the boys used to ask with an eye on the chin, as Tom stepped to church. "No then," he'd answer, his tongue on his lip an' the chin set, "I didn't. But I dreamt of kickin' dogs on me way to church." An' the boys would start yappin' at his heels, an' callin' out "Bulldog."

He lived out beyond Gorteen on the way to Drumhill, back from the road, down a house, with neither chick nor child belongin' to him. People said he had relations out the mountain way; but they must have thought him dead, for they never bothered | the schoolmistress, that's a maiden yet. him. Day in day out, no one ever went | But though all had their points, all had down the lane or crossed the door 'cept | their faults-Jane was too pious, Hannah Tom himself to be sure, an' a kailyer now | too bouncin', Kate had a mother that went his rounds; an' from New Year's day to Christmastide no woman did more than squint through the windy when Tom was | easier to choose a wife than to get her. at a fair. They daren't. Tom hated them. Never did ye see his chin set harder, or his to bury all the women in creation. "They're hussies," he'd say, "an' worse. Be the Lord, I'd hang them, every petticoat, if I had me will!" 'Twas a notion the man had, impidence, an' challenged another time by that eyed Tom as he entered, an' gave him a bee in his bonnet; mebbe the only bee he had an', as it happened, the only one that ever took wing. For Tom, you'll understand, Mr. Jan, was no fool in his way, an' stayed there; ye might walk through | an' the next was short in a leg; let all that | wastin' your time, thinks Tom, an' sits Gorteen (an' that's sayin' a good deal) go, an' let us march straight with Tom to talkin' over Ned's head as if it was a added about eighty pounds of salt. When without seein' a cozier house an' garden, the end of his journeyin', when the woman dog's. An' sure Lang, bein' a humorsome with an orchard at the side and a haggard at the back, an' offices round the yard, than Tom's. You'd like to look at the place. You'd like to see Tom workin' like an engine in the fields. You'd laugh to walk in one mornin' about 6 o'clock an' find him sittin' on a stool, a duck egg in his hand, a mug o' tay in that, an' the rest of his breakfast on his knee. Then you'd say: "Why don't ye marry, Tom, an' get some one to look after ye?" An' he'd turn an' eat yet with his eyes. "Marry," he'd say, "marry! Be the Lord, I'd hang them if I

He was forty years of age when the change took him-the one change of his with big arms, sandy hair, cheeks like an have killed him dead only that a neighbor's the point; he'd met handsomer females in here Long Ned beside Sally, silent an' with his eyes about the room an' sayin' no house she kept, the more he said to him- there was a glint in Tom's eye that night, word; just starin' and thinkin' hard in the thick head of him. What could he do else, that she was no dandy; all the likeabler towards Sally an' repeated his question, an' him as weak as water? What could he | that she spoke little; all the safer that she | somethin' in his voice kept Ned quiet. do but submit when her hand was soft on | ruled the father an' was mistress in the propped him in the bed to look through the an' tumble it into a basket; look at the window, an' helped him to hobble out, at | knack she had in buildin' a fire, an' puttin' last, into the sunshine an' the blessed air | coals round the cake oven; see how clean of God? Could he ever dig a grave for a | she kept the hearth, an' the tins on the woman after that? Could he ever sit at his | wall; listen to her now rattlin' the cups | an' not on the way towards home. No. Ah, lonely breakfast again an' not wish that | in the parlor, an' trampin' out to the dairy | 'deed no! home from the fields? Sure he was helpless. Then the three marches to the parlor an' Tom; hot an' strong Sally answered him Sure that notion had to go. Sure 'twas the sits down to tay; an' sure now Tom was back, sayin' she cared nothin' for his accu-

had: for sure on other matters he was

sensible enough. Some said a woman had

only the mule nature of the man; the rest

that'd take his name. Suppose I fell sick | knives, a metal taypot, the whitest of | was nothin' for any woman, 'cept one with again? he asked himself. Suppose I died an' home-made bread, the sweetest of butter. left the place to a stranger? Suppose I was cream that a fly could walk on; an' tie of his manners anyway. Then Ned apcrippled, some day, an' couldn't work, an' there beyond the table, in a clean apron, pealed to Lang; an' Lang bein' a humorcame to the poorhouse? A hundred things her hair brushed an' face shinin', Sarah some man, sided with Sally, and spoke he must ha' thought, the poor unfortinit; pourin' out like a lady. Bedad, this is great, praise of Tom; then he tried coaxin' wi' an' now if anyone 'd ask him about marry- thinks Tom; an' drinks five cups an' ates Sally; an' Sally in' he'd close his lips an' march away. accordin', an' laughs an' jokes, an' makes pullin' Like the rest of us, me sons, he'd come to himself agreeable; an' imagines himself at the hearth. Then he see that men are only half the world, an' home with Sarah before him like that every again; at last rose in a tantrum, an', the woman more than the rest of it. He day. Think of that, now! Think of the luck | swearin' by all the Kings of Ireland he'd

in' to see who'd be herself. There were plenty of time. lavor, for the sake of the sake of the was skirtin' the pit, he mutterin'. | Kathleen Kavanagh, in New Orleans Times. | that it makes man the arbiter of his own | Mr. Hall thinks that cancer is an heredi- ting-down place, waiting for the next move. enough for any one that hadn't better; but starts business. He mentioned again who "I'll ave his black blood" to himself. Democrat.

[Copyright, 1901, by Shan F. Bullock.] sure his gear was great. A snug house, a

matters could not keep his tongue from | way to put your toes in the ashes, set a | he'd known the man three hours, mind ye; rambling), whose English army would be grin on your face, an' make-believe you're but that was Tom's way) to make a barall Irish, bold lads in green from the hill- drawin' the heart out of the girl beside ye. sides. "They'r the boys," said James, and It's somethin to make the days go quicker, just the kind for him. He'd treat her well. slapped a leg; "man, they're the boys! Pure | it helps the nights to travel; maybe God is divils they are, ready to go to glory like good to let ye taste heaven before your end. wishes. heroes. Look at what they've done. Think Time enough afterwards to sit mopin'; of that regiment startin' up a hill an' not | plenty of time to forget your foolishness. five men alive at the top. Give me the "Arrah, Judy, dear," ye say, an' tighten asks he at last. Irish," said James; and we all cried agree- your arm. "Arrah, Paddy, love," says she. ment. Surely the Irish were matchless. So time goes, sirs; so time goes; but with

was a very hero. "He's the kind," said Hal; an' he was strong enough on his pins; Tom "he's the boy for me." "A real man," set his hat on the back of his big head, shoes. judged the Master. "He's a masterpiece," took a staff from the corner, an' set out said James the Rambler; "every time I see to search for a wife, just in the same way his face in a paper an' look at his lip I he'd have started to pick a cow in a fair. think of Bulldog Martin, who never let go. No coortin' for him; no blarneyin' or fool-Ay, Bulldog should have been a general. ishness; somewhere or another, near home He was born to the trade. D'ye mind, lads, or far from it, was the woman he wanted, the way he captured long Ned Hanlan from an' when he found her 'twas his intention | So off he sets from the meadow, an' comes the mountain beyond? Eh, d'ye mind that, to have her, spite of man or mortal. She to the house again,, an' steps into the boys?" said James; then laughed and, as | mattered nothin'. He was the one to be | kitchen, an' says he to Sarah: "I've just | blood. I offered it to him; an' see the way

It took him time. Don't imagine he went everywhere, eyein' every woman up an' down. Not at all, sirs; not at all. There whole townlands he passed by. Near home, for one place, where Rose Harper lived, an' Anne Farrell, an' Mary Hicks, an' all choice; that gang was put beyond the hedge in a lump. Then there was Emo, with thumbs; there was Rhamus with only one, an' her spoon-fed; there was Bliboa, where not one in ten had sixpence in her stockin'; lics, an' Drumhill, with the women as

muscle; an' I've heard men say that no less One was Jane Fallon, that afterward married Martin the 'squire; th' other was Hannah, her sister, that now keeps house for teen by, an' tramped further into the world. Tom was a mule of a man; but a mule his word, comes back an' sits down

thrashed once by a girl's brother for his | yellow slip of a man; Long Ned by name, him a word; how this one pleased, only she | was paid him back. Tom just overlooked was found, an' he was satisfied, an' there | man, enjoyed the sport; an' Sally, in her

one summer's day, to a house out in Leek. beyond near the mountain, between Drumnamed Lang, with his one daughter Sarah. He'd been recommended there by a friend. an' when he came he found a tidy farm, a snug house, good crops an' pasture, likely an' I'll answer ye." stock on the fields, an' fat pigs in the yard. All this Tom seen for himself as he went, an' was pleased with it; when he inter- | Ned viewed Lang in a meadow, mentionin' who he was an' who'd sent him, he liked the while, an' clapped eyes on Sarah, somethin' | Tom; an' rises for home, told him on the minute that here was herself at last. "She'll do," says Tom, as she self, an' all through the week he kept conoffered him a chair; "my faith, she'll do!"

She was a big woman, thick and strong. broad in the shoulders, heavy on her feet. | Lang's kitchen. apple, an' a square cut face. She had a chin like Tom's own, her nose went up at pipe; there sat Sally with her knittin'; self: "Bedad here she is." All the better | an' when, at last, he leant over his knees

had to. 'Twas long in comin'; but it came he had! Be the pigs, only for good manner's have Tom's blood if so he ever came to sake, he'd call her Sally to her face. But | Leek again, tramped out of the kitchen an' " So Bulldog changed; an' we all sat wait- time enough for that, thinks Tom; aw, slammed the door behind him. "I'll drain

women enough around him-Lord knows | Well, tay over, Tom an' Lang took their started mad for home. there were plenty-that'd been glad of his hats an' stroll out to the mendow again; His way took him down a lane, an' along favor, for the sake of his money an' land an' after a while Tom just takes the bull a path that ran past an old quarry pit; an'

himself out as a good Prodestan an' Chris- | sight of the figure, stopped dead an' fell to tian man; then turns to Lang an' says:

"But there's one thing I'm wantin'," says he, "an' it's that I'm here for now." Well, I'll be wishful to help ye."

"An' I'm thinkin' ye can help me. I'm look- | leave me yours." in for a wife." "Aw," says Lang, lookin' round. "Now,

"Ay, that's so. I've been lookin' long," says Tom. "But now, please God, I'm

suited. She's found at last." grins, an' says: "Faith, then, I'm rejoiced | an' take what ye can get. Here we are now,

At that Lang falls solemn an' sits starin' at Tom for a while; then bursts out laugh- run. in'; an' says he, "Faith ye honors us both,

"Ah, not at all," answers Tom; "sure the honor's mine;" then, in the thick-headed gain with Lang for the daughter. She was | home. Let Lang oblige him by mentionin' his

cock shook. "Are ye in sober earnest?" | through the yard to Lang's door.

"I'm not given to jokin'," answers Tom, "An' business is business," he says.

'Twas a bad start, you'd think; but sure Tom cared nothin' for starts. 'Twas the end of things he always looked to; an' faith, he turned from Lang as pleased as Punch. If it's only between herself an' me, he thinks, why then it's as good as settled.

come from your father, Miss Sally, an' he tin." answers Sally; "but be quick, for I'm

just this; I'm in need of a wife."

"Then I hope you'll get her," says Sally. "There's plenty 'd oblige ye these parts." "One 'll do," says Tom; "an' I'm thinkin' I've got her.'

"Aw, indeed," says Sally. "Mebbe I know

your own name an' you've got her.'

"Ay, it's you," says Tom, bold as brass; then, in his go-ahead fashion, starts mak- give him company. They lived together in' things plain to Sally. He was such an so much land, an' furniture, an' ready money. He'd make a good man-

"You'd make the divil's own man," says Sally. "Ah, quit your ravin', an' go back to

"You're the woman for me," says Tom; "I'm the woman for none o' ye," answers

"Sally," says Tom; "strivin's no good,

"Tom fool," shouts Sally. "Is that an

she'll know better. An' away Tom goes for Well, he waited his week; then, true to

Lang's kitchen. Lang was there, smokin' I'd weary ye if I followed Tom through | up the chimbley, an' pleasant enough. Sally way, enjoyed her part; an' the game went Ye can imagine Tom comin' at last, then, on. Tom talked an' talked; Ned glowered and twisted; Lang smoked an' grinned; Sally knitted an' smiled; at last, says Tom, over Ned's head, "I've come for the an-

> swer, Miss Sally," says he. "Have you then, be the Lord!" shouts Ned, swingin' round on his stool, "Ask me

"I've come for the answer, Miss Sally,"

"It's the same as before, Mr. Martin."

answers Sally with a grin. "Then I'll come back in a week." savs But all the way he considered with him-

over the hills once more an' comes again to To all appearance everything was just the same as before. Here sat Lang with his

"I've come for an answer, Miss Sally."

"It's the same as before, Mr. Martin." "Then I'll come back again," says Tom:

Hardly had he pulled the door behind

he was, draggin' in a word about his fam- some one stepped from behind a bush, an' fly; said what land he had, an' what stock; stood right before him on the path. "I'll | | | | hinted at the money in the bank; gave have his black blood," says Ned! then, at quakin' in his shoes.

"Is it my blood you're wantin'," says the figure (an' sure his voice was as like Tom's "I know," answers Lang, with a nod. as two whiffs of a pipe); "because if it is, you're welcome to all of it ye can get. "I'm thankful to ya," says Tom again. Come," says the figure, "take it now-or

Ned strove to speak; but couldn't get out a word. His heart was in his throat; his knees were knockin' together; he looked round tryin' to get away.

But Tom (for 'twas his own self) stepped forward an' took him by the collar. "No Then Lang looked again at Tom, an' shirkin'," says he; "stand you're ground to hear it," says he. "An' mebbe you'd be an' the worst man of us goes slap into the quarry pit, an' th' other gets the woman. "Surely," answers Tom. "She's above in | Come, sir. Westlin' or fightin'; all's one the house there an' her name's your own; to me. I'm a champion at both. Come on, I

> But Ned wouldn't. All the courage in him was down in his stockin's. He turned to

"Come back," shouts Tom, takin' him by the collar. "Stand an' take your dose." "Naw, naw," whines Ned-the effigy of a

man!-"let me be. I'm goin' home." "Not till I'm finished wi' ye," says' Tom, tightenin his grip. "Stand, ye cur!" "Naw, naw," whines Ned. "I'm goin'

"You're comin' wi' me," answers Tom; then turns Ned on the path, an' grippin' his collar tight, pushes him before him, But Lang could only laugh till the hay- across the fields, an' up the lane, an'

The house was dark, but Tom bangs at the door an' brings Lang's head out of a window above. "Who's there, in God's "Then go to Sarah," says Lang at that. | name?" asks Lang. "An' what's wrong?" "It's myself," answers Tom from the "It's her affair. She's her own business step. "An' all that's wrong is that I've woman. Away to Sarah," says Lang; then turns off across the meadow shakin' in his found something in the fields that you'd like to see. Rouse Miss Sally an' come down

> both o' ye till I show ye what it is." So Lang pulls in his head, an' calls Sally, an' both come down to the kitchen, an' the door's opened, an' in steps Tom, pushin' Ned before him across the floor.

> "Here's what I've found," says Tom, he's took it. Look at him, Mr. Lang. Look at him, Miss Sally. Come, sir. The blood's yours still if ye can take it. The floor's clear. The company's ready. Take it.

> Take it." But Ned stood hangin' his head, speechhim by the collar again, marched him to the door, an' shot him out into the yard. "Out ye go," says Tom; then turns to Sally, "An' now, Sally," says he, "maybe

> For all that, it was a while before Sally answered to his likin'. She was a powerful sure Tom's ways could hardly have been to her fancy. But she surrendered in the end, an' at last they were married; an' Tom rariness of nature; and they died both of

A NEW GERMICIDE.

Philadelphia Press.

City Streets.

Smallpox and other germs are battling bacteria of all kinds are put to rout effectually. With its tank wagon, holding 500 galalleyways, courts, streets, rooms and even from smallpox and by disinfecting dis-

the crystal has been dissolved the brine is The sodium chloride, or salt, is broken up into its constituent elements, and these are united with the elements of water in a certain measure. After the passage of the current for about three and one-half hours with an extra amount of oxygen. What

trozone-disinfectant of such lethal power over bacteria that its inventor, on one memorable occasion, after drinking a glass of the filthiest and most poisonous drainage from Havana in yellow fever days, drank three glasses of it and lived. The congress of physicians before whom he appeared cautioned him that he was about to commit suicide. But the inventor

had the courage of his convictions. He

contamination from the germs he had imsiderin'; then, the week bein' over, tramps sisting merely of a large wooden tank on water cart of a street cleaners' gang sprinmuch as the little lines of the chemical engines are run. The electrozone is then

> water would not leave, and its effect is is in His degree. The work of manufacturing the germicide is conducted by the Electrical Bureau, but the task of distributing it is under the supervision of the Bureau of electrozone have such confidence in it that they customarily drink a glass of it each

forced through the house over carpets and

to free the water from typhoid fever germs. | gives to men; the requirements He lays ward the mayor was such that he realized the hopelessness of attempting to secure an appropriation even for promoting the health of the city, and the scheme was

If You but Knew.

If you but knew The shadow you have brought into My life, the burning tears and pain, The bitter loneliness and strain. I hardly think, so cold, austere, So needlessly severe, You'd wound me as you do-If you but knew.

The golden dreams of love's bright-hue You took from all the days of mine-Days that at best knew small sunshine-You would not be so heedless, quite, Of ruthless sting and slight, So prodigal with rue-When years have run.

nd life with all its sorrow done; When God shall ask why, to my heart, I'll plead of Him, in Mary's name, To chide you not, nor blame: You did not-did not know

MAN'S FREE AGENCY: GOD'S METH-ODS WITH HIS CREATURES.

A Short, Pertinent Discourse by the Rev. Thomas L. Allen, D. D. (Episcopalian), of Cazenovia, N. Y.

"Not by constraint, but willingly . . . of a ready mind."—II Peter v. 2.

Man is the arbiter of his own destiny. Created as he was in the image of God, he shares with his Maker the plenitude of being. He is not merely a rational, senlent creature, capable of knowledge, love and enjoyment; capacities such as these ome far short of constituting completeness, fullness of being.

To all other faculties, powers and capacities, conscience, or the moral sense, and free will must be added, to make man, in his degree, what his Creator is in His degree. Were man lacking in either respect it would not be true to say he is a being created in the image of God, after His ikeness. To be like God he must be capaele of moral discrimination, and also be able to act, "not by constraint, but willingly and of a ready mind."

By giving man these capabilities God has

placed him in a relation to the divine gov-

ernment different from that of any other

of His creations with which the earth is

supplied. All irrational things are subjects

of laws, which they have no power to resist. They are constrained to fulfill their prescribed destiny, and never can be worthy of either praise or blame. If, for instance, tree yield fruit after its kind, we attribute to it no virtue; or, if it wither and perish, we charge it with no fault; simply because, in either case, the result was not due to its own volition. It did not act, but was acted upon by forces, to it, irresistible. The animal creation rises a grade higher. The animal has consciousness, and, in a standin' Ned full in the candlelight; "a limited degree, intelligence and will; but at thing callin' itself a man that wanted me the utmost these endowments come far short of making him an accountable creature; answerable as a moral agent. Though

> As regards man, however, the case is far different. He is neither the unconscious and passive subject of laws which compel with "a missing link."

PRESSURE OF IMPULSES.

Man, to be sure, has natural impulses of conscience, forms judgments, comes to tion that inward impulses or external influit. To the extent that he can do this, he is superior to inborn passions and idiosyndoes, combat, resist, defy and disregard it. Though overpowered and coerced by superior physical strength, yet the will may

Practically this power which makes man a self-determining being is unconquerable, and God, by giving him this power, has liberated him from the rule of compulsion in the sphere of morals and religion as well never override it nor coerce a different de-

rine gas and various chlorides, as well as abode of intelligent beings, happy in doing as free agents. Every one must act, not the will of God, not by constraint like by constraint, but willingly, and of a ready slaves or senseless things, but willingly mind. Then God can, and will, give abundand of a ready mind. For it is the glory antly of His grace and help to fight the and the bliss of the angels to be the minis- | battle and win the crown. ters of God, "to do His pleasure," to take the word from His mouth and to accomplish that whereunto He sends it.

Not to will what God willeth-that is the sole cause of all real suffering and misery suffered illness from nausea, but escaped | in the universe. There is no hell other than that which self-willed, rebellious souls thus | Leslie's Weekly. make for themselves. The fire is kindled inflicted. God is the fountain of infinite or to Southwark, to Haddington or Ger- rectitude, purity, wisdom, truth and love, this paper is enabled to quote from the armantown or wherever disease has found and if His will were perfectly done by His furniture. It leaves no stain that fresh | and happy in their degree as the All-Father

GOD'S DESIRES.

The men who make and handle sinner, but rather that all should ceasfrom sin and live-live in the blissful en-Under Mayor Warwick's administration infinite wisdom, power and love can do to make beatitude, is done world without end. The laws He ordains; the rules of life He move and act in harmony with the eternal the blessedness of being.

But, alas! the readiness of mind is mostly and wretchedness. "Whatsoever a man lieved pain and bitter lamentations.

It is an awful prerogative to exercise, destiny. The responsibility it throws upon tary disease, the germs being transmitted if we all thought that?



Prevented by Shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP and light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

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Him. Yet precisely that power all men are

everlasting kingdom. The wells of salva- ing in every instance the generally fatal tion overflow; we may draw from them, if recurrence following operations. The heavy current passing through the badness and render him the proper object healing for the sick, strength for the believes that the life of the most brilliant feeble, refreshment for the weary. But we | woman in the world, as the Empress Fred-What an unutterably awful power it is- else God cannot give them to us; for to weeks on earth she would have been freed

CANCER AMONG ROYALTY.

The Death of Empress Frederick-Is Cancer Hereditary?

The issue dated Saturday, Sept. 14, will contain an article of vital interest to humanity. From advance sheets furnished, ticle contributed by Mr. Charles Elley Hall, Leslie's general staff correspondent, relaager Empress Frederick of Germany and days. quotes the pathetic utterance of King Edward's message to the Tuberculosis Congress, held in London last June, as follows: "God grant that before long you may be And that is what God desires. He willeth | able to find a cure for cancer or check its

He speaks of the fact that King Edward has recently been placed on a special diet treatment, and that his allowance of cigars joyment of His glory-live where all that has been curtailed by the royal physician. giving rise again to the rumor that the King himself is affected with cancer. The correspondent quotes at length from an editorial written by the brilliant and venerable physician-editor, Egbert Guernsey, M. D., L.L. D., and published in the latter's paper, The Medical Times, of Januthis. By them all men may, if they will, ary, 1901, under the heading, "A New areatment for Cancer." The learned doctor writes of the practical results gained to the medical world by experiments along strictly scientific lines, laying particular stress upon quiry was placing cancer upon the list of the wisdom, the love, the majesty and the attained by the treatment for cancer administered in the Alexander Sanatorium in Boston, Mass., stating that the discoverer per cent, of positive cures and more than 75 per cent, of marked relief after the use of the fluid which "has certainly some

tor's editorial upon Dr. Gustav Eisen's dising and culturing the cancer parasite, or protozoon. Dr. Guernsey says: "If these (cancer cases known as) carcinoma and which is remorse, unavailing regret, unre- may afford only a temporary relief, often are only checkers in a game between God advisable, but the only real cure must exist | and the devil. It would shift a lot of rein destroying the living germs in the gen- sponsibility.

even though the vegetable remedy use is tion heretofore resorted to, while preventerick has been called, could have been saved by the timely use of this fluid, and that even if used only during her last

from all pain and discomfort. "OH, TO BE NOTHING."

Hypocrisy of the Plea Contained in

the Old Hymn,

still about it.

The author of that hymn probably didn't realize the full import of his plea. The man who proclaims that he wants to be nothing is not sincere.

The man who gets up in prayer meeting and says that he is nothing-nothing-will be the first to resent it if you agree with

The man who gets on his feet in church and elevates his eyebrows and his voice and sings through his nose with much unction that he longs to be nothing, nothing, is the man who will cheat his fellowmen with just as much unction on week-The man who knows he is nothing keeps

It is well to be humble, but the truly humble man does not thrust his humility before others. And it is hypocrisy, not humbleness, that says it wants to be nothing. For there was never a human being in the world, unless it might be an idiot or so, who didn't want to be something and who isn't something. From the baby who is a promise to the old man who has accomplished, each one of us is the center of our own little circle

and each is of paramount importance to some one, somewhere and somehow. For what other reason were we given brains and hearts and bodies and freedom to use them' If we were enthrailed under one dominant will and expected to follow only one groove with only one end in view, with the various qualities with which we are endowed, it would be as exquisite a torture as that invented by the jailor who kept food within

sight, but just without the reach of his

Why, that's what we're put here for-te be something What father wants his child continually groveling at his feet, protesting that he wants no will of his own? There may be some narrow-minded few who would desire will stand on an equal footing of selfrespect with him; who can think for himseif; whom he can look upon with pride as a man-an iniependent man-his SON! The Great Father has given us a mind to exercise, a heart to feel, a body to useand a conscience to govern all. And if we abuse our independence we know that we must suffer. We have the option of choosing between right and wrong. It wouldn't be a very good man who had to be good.

Some people would like to think that we